SONNETS
TO THE FAIREST
COELIA.

Parue, nec inuideo, sine me liber ibis ad illam,
Heu mihi quòd domino nõ licet ire tuo. Trist. 1.

LONDON,
Printed by Adam Fflip,
for W. P.
1594.

TO THE READER.

COurteous Reader, whereas I was fullie determined to haue concealed my Sonnets, as thinges priuie to my ſelfe, yet of courteſie hauing lent them to ſome, they were ſecretlie committed to the Preſſe, and almoſt finiſhed, before it came to my knowledge. Wherefore making, as they ſay, Vertue of neceſsitie, I did deeme it moſt conuenient to præpoſe mine Epiſtle, oncly to beſeech you to account of them as of toyes and amorous deuiſes, and ere long, I will impart

To the Reader.

vnto the world another Poeme which shall be both more fruitfull and ponderous. In the meane while I commit these as a pledge vnto your indifferent censures. London,

1594.

W. Percy.

COELIA.

Sonnet I.

IVdg'd by my goddeſſe doome to endleſſe paine,
Lo here I ope my ſorrovves paſsion,
That eu'rie ſillie eye may vievv moſt plaine,
A ſentence giuen on no occaſion.
If that by chaunce they fall moſt fortunate,
Within thoſe cruell hands that did enact it,
Say but, alas he vvas too paſsionate,
My doome is paſt, nor can be novv vnactit.
So mayſt thou ſee I vvas a ſpotleſſe louer,
And grieue vvithall that ere thou dealt ſo ſore.
Vnto remorſe vvho goes about to moue her,
Purſues the vvinged vvinds, and tils the ſhore.
Louelie is her ſemblance, hard is her hart,
Wauering is her mind, ſure is her dart.

Sonnet II.

Oh happie houre, and yet vnhappie houre,
When firſt by chaunce I had my goddeſſe vievved,
Then firſt I taſted of the ſvveeteſt ſoure,
Wherevvith the cup of *Cypria* is embrevved.
For gazing ferme vvithout ſuſpition,
Loue coopt behind the charet of her eye,
Iuſtly to ſchoole my bold preſumption,
Againſt my hart did let an arrovv flie:
Faire ſir, quoth he, to practiſe haue you nought
But to be gazing on deuinitie?
Befo e you part, your leare you ſhall be tought,
Wi h that attonce he made his arrovves hie:
Imperious God, I did it not to loue her,
Ah, ſtay thy hand, I did it but to proue her.

Sonnet III.

Proue her? Ah no, I did it but to loue her:
Then ſhoote amaine, drad liege, I ſtand vnarmed,
Altho no hope that any thing may moue her,
Some eaſe it is to be by beautie charmed.
Then quicke, my liege, thē quicke, & end thy game,
That all the vvorld may ſee hovv thou haſt plagu'd vs,
Then cruell ſhe ſhall vievv vnto her blame,
That all men be not fickle as they'ue term'd vs:
May be, my vvords may vvinne contrition;
If not my vvords, my ſobs; if not my ſobs,
My teares may moue her to compaſsion;
If teares do faile, my tears, my vvords, my throbs,
Ay me, Ah no, teares, vvords, throbs all in vaine,
She ſcornes my dole, and ſmileth at my paine.

Sonnet IIII.

Oh heauenly *Cælia*, as faire as vertuous,
The only mirrour of true chaſtitie,
Haue I beene gainſt thy godhead impious,
That thus am guerdond for my fealtie?
Haue I not ſhed vpon thine yu'rie ſhrine,
Huge drops of teares vvith large eruptions?
Haue I not offred eu'ning and at prime
My ſighs, my Pſalms of inuocations?
VVhat be mens ſighs, but cals of guilefulneſſe?
They ſhevv, deare loue, true proofs of fermitie.
What be your teares, but meere vngratiouſneſſe?
Teares only plead for our ſimplicitie:
VVhen all ſtrike mute, ſhe ſaies it is my dutie,
And claimes as much as to her deitie.

Sonnet V.

Faire Queene of *Gnidos* come adorn my forehead,
And crovvne me vvith the lavvrell emperor,
I'ó thriſe ſing *I'ó* about thy Poet,
Loe on my goddeſſe I am conqueror.
For once by chaunce, not ſure, or vvittingly,
Vpon my foot, her tender foot alighted,
With that ſhe pluckt it off full vvimbely,
As though the verie touch had her afrighted:
Deere miſtreſſe, vvill you deale ſo cruelly,
To priue me of ſo ſmall a benefit?
What? do you iert it off ſo nimbely,
As though in verie ſooth a ſnake had bit it?
Yea bit perhaps indeed: Ho, Muſes blab you?
Not a vvord Pieannets, or I vvill gag you.

Sonnet VI.

Good God hovv ſenceleſſe be vve paramours,
So proudly on a nothing for to vaunt it?
We cannot reape the meaneſt of all fauours,
But by and by vve thinke our ſute is grauntit.
Had ye obſeru'd tvvo planets vvhich then moũted,
Tvvo certaine ſignes of indignation,
Ye vvould haue deemed rather both conſented,
To turne all hopes to deſperation.
Then can you vvauer ſo inconſtantly,
To ſhevv firſt loue, and then diſdainfulneſſe?
Firſt for to bring a dramme of courteſie,
Then mix it vvith an ounce of ſcornfulneſſe?
No, no, the doubt is anſvver'd, certainlie
She trod by chaunce, ſhe trod not vvittingly.

Sonnet VII.

If it be ſin ſo dearely for to loue thee,
Come bind my hands, I am thy priſoner,
Yet if a ſparke of pittie may but moue thee,
Firſt ſit vpon the cauſe commiſsioner.
The ſame vvell heard may vvreſt incontinent
Tvvo floods from foorth thoſe rocks of adamant
Which ſtreaming dovvne vvith force impatient,
May melt the breſt of my fierce *Rhadamant*.
Deareſt cruell the cauſe I ſee diſlikes thee,
On vs thy brovves thou bends ſo direfully;
Enioine me pennaunce vvhatſoeuer likes thee,
What e're it be I le take it thankefully.
Yet ſince for loue it is I am thy bondman,
Good *Cælia* vſe me like a Gentleman.

Sonnet VIII.

Strike vp, my Lute, and eaſe my heauie cares,
The onely ſolace to my paſsions,
Impart vnto the aires thy pleaſing aires,
More ſvveet than heauenly conſolations.
Rehearſe the ſongs of forlorne amor'us
Driv'ne to deſpaire by dames tyrannicall,
Of *Alpheus* loſſe, of vvoes of *Troilus*,
Of *Rowlands* rage, of *Iphis* funerall.
Ay me, vvhat vvarbles yeelds mine inſtrument?
The baſes skrieke, as though they vvere amis,
The Meanes, no meanes, too ſad the meriment,
No, no, the muſicke good, but thus it is,
I loath both Meanes, meriment, Diapaſons,
So ſhe and I, may be but Vniſons.

Sonnet IX.

Whilſt others vveene ſole hopes to be a ſauue,
Sole hopes I find to be my coroſiues:
Whilſt others found in hopes an harbour haue,
From hopes I feele a ſea of ſorrovves riſe:
For vvhen mild hopes ſhould eaſe my raging fires,
They feſter more, in that they are but hopes:
Then vvhilſt I touch the port of my deſires,
A ſtorme of hate doth burſt mine anchor ropes.
Were I but once reſolued certainly,
Soon ſhould I knovv vvhich point my helme to ſtere,
But ſhe denies my ſute moſt vvomanly,
As hidden documents for vs to heare.
Loe this the cauſe my hell forſakes me neuer.
Tell me, (deare ſvveet) thus ſhal I liue for euer?

Sonnet X.

A MYSTERIE.

To vvinne the Fort hovv oft haue I aſſayd,
Wherein the heart of my faire miſtreſſe lies?
What Rammes, vvhat mines, vvhat plots haue I not layd?
Yet ſtill am frighted from mine enterpriſe.
First from the leads of that proud citadell,
Do foulder forth tvvo fierie culuerines,
Vnder tvvo red coates keepe the Larum bell,
For feare of cloſe or open venturings.
Before the gates Scorne, Feare, and Modeſtie,
Do toſſe amaine their pikes, but boue them all
Pudic'itie vveilds her ſtaffe moſt manfullie,
Garded vvith blocks that keepe me from the vvall,
Yet if this ſtaffe vvill ford me cleare the vvay,
In ſpite of all I'le beare my Dame avvay.

Sonnet XI.

TO POLYXENA.

Of all the vvomen vvhich of yore haue beene,
Alceſt for vertue may be glorify'd,
For courage *Teuce'*, for features *Spartaes* queene,
For all in one *Polyxen'* deify'd.
If true it be by old Philoſophie,
Theſe ſoules to haue ſince deſtin entered,
To other bodies of like ſimpathie,
Thou art the laſt of theſe Metemps'choſed.
Thy courage vvoonderous, thy vertues peereleſſe,
Thy features haue the faireſt Ladies blamed,
Then if thou ſcorn'ſt not ſuch a Monarcheſſe,
Henceforth by reaſon good, thou ſhalt be named,
Nor *Teuce'*, nor *Alceſt*, nor faire *Helena*,
Thou ſhalt be nam'd my deare *Polyxena*.

Sonnet XII.

Cœlia, of all ſvveet courteſies reſolue me,
For vviſhed grace, hovv muſt I novv be doing,
Since *Ops* the cõplet'ſt frame vvhich did abſolue thee,
Hath made each parcell to my ſole vndoing?
Thoſe vvires vvhich ſhould thy corps to mine vnite,
Be raies to daze vs from ſo neere approch,
Thine eyne vvhich ſhould my nighted ſailers light,
Be ſhot to keepe them off vvith foule reproch.
Thoſe ruddie plummes embrevv'd vvith heauenly foods,
Whẽ I vvould ſucke thẽ turne to drieſt currall,
And vvhen I couch betvveene her lillie buds,
They ſurge like frothie vvater mounts aboue all:
Surelie they vvere all made vnto good vſes,
But ſhe them all vntovvardly abuſes.

Sonnet XIII.

With greeuous thoughts & vveighty cares oppreſt,
One day I vvent to *Venus* Fanacle,
Of *Cyprian* dreames vvhich did me ſore moleſt,
To be reſolv'd by certaine oracle.
No ſooner vvas I paſt the temples gate,
But from the ſhrine vvhere *Venus* vvont to ſtand,
I ſavv a Ladie faire and delicate,
Did beckon to me vvith her yu'rie hand.
VVeening ſhe vvas the goddeſſe of the Fane,
VVith cheerefull lookes I tovvards bent my pace,
Soone vvhen I came, I found vnto my bane,
A Gorgon ſhadovv'd vnder *Venus* face,
Whereat afright, vvhen backe *I* vvould be gone,
I ſtood transformed to a ſpeechleſſe ſtone.

Sonnet XIIII.

When once *I* ſavv that no intreats vvould moue her,
All means I ſought to be deliuered,
Againſt vvhite *Cupid* and his golden mother,
In hie contempt baſe vvords I vttered;
When both from clouds of her bright firmament,
With heauie griefes and ſtrong diſdaine ſurmounted,
Vpon my thoughts and me did ſhoot reueng'ment,
Whilſt in our higheſt prides vve vvere amounted.
Nor be they pleas'd to giue vs all theſe vvounds,
To make me languiſh as a dying liuer,
But from her orbes they fling their fiarbronds,
Thereby to quite conſume both hart and lyuer:
Pardon, drad povv'rs, pardon my raſh offence,
By heauens bright vaile, t'vvas gainſt my cõſcience.

Sonnet XV.

ECHO.

What is the faire to vvhom ſo long I plead? *Lead,*
What is her face ſo Angell like? *Angellike.*
Then vnto ſaints in mind ſh'is not vnlike. *Vnlike,*
What may be hop'd of one ſo euill nat'red? *Hatred.*
O then my vvoes hovv ſhall I ope beſt? *Hope-beſt*
Then ſhe is flexible. *She is flexible.*
Fie no, it is impoſsible. *Poſsible.*
About her ſtraight then only our beſt. *You're beſt.*
Hovv muſt I firſt her loues to me approue? *Proue.*
Hovv if ſhe ſay I may not kiſſe hir? *Kiſſe hir.*
For all hir bobs *I* muſt then beare, or mis hir? *Yes ſir,*
Then vvill ſhe yeeld at length to Loue? *To loue.*
Eu'n ſo? *Eu'n ſo.* By *Narciſſe* is it true? *True.*
Of thine honeſtie? *I.* Adieu. *Adieu.*

Sonnet XVI.

What may be thought of thine vntovvardneſſe,
That mooueſt ſtill at euerie motion?
What may be hop'd of ſo ſtrange vncouthneſſe,
That ſcornes all vovves, ſcornes all deuotion?
If I but ſue, thou vvouldſt releeue myne anguiſh,
Tvvo threatning arcks thou bendeſt rig'rouſly;
Then if *I* ſvveare thy loue doth make me languiſh,
Thou turn'ſt avvay, and ſmileſt ſcornfully;
Then if I vvish thou vvould'ſt not tyranniſe,
Of *T*yrannie thou makeſt but a mock'ry,
And if I vveepe, my teares thou dooſt deſpiſe,
And if I ſtir, thou threatenſt battery:
Froune on, ſmile on, mocke me, deſpiſe me, threat (mee,
All ſhall not make me leaue for to intreat thee.

Sonnet XVII.

Relent my deere, yet vnkind *Cœlia*,
At length relent, and giue my ſorrovves end,
So ſhall I keepe my long vviſht holyday,
And ſet a trophey on a frovvard frend,
Nor tributes, nor impoſts, nor other duties,
Demaund I vvill as lavvfull conqueror;
Duties, tributes, impoſts vnto thy beauties,
My ſelfe vvill pay, as yeelded ſeruitor.
Then quicke relent, thy ſelfe ſurrender vs:
Braue ſir and vvhy, quoth ſhe, muſt I relent?
Relent, cry'd I, thy ſelfe doth conquer vs,
VVhen eftſoons vvith my propper inſtrument,
She cut me off, ay me, and anſvvered,
You cannot conquer and be conquered.

Sonnet XVIII.

I cannot conquer and be conquered:
Then vvhole my ſelfe *I* yeeld vnto thy fauor,
Behold my thoughts flote in an ocean battered,
To be caſt off, or vvafted to thine harbor:
If of the ſame thou vvilt then take acceptance,
Stretch out thy faireſt hand as flag of peace,
If not, no longer keepe vs in attendance,
But all at once thy firie ſhafts releaſe.
If thus I die, an honeſt cauſe of loue,
Will of my fates the rigor mittigate,
Thoſe gratious eyne vvhich vvill a *Tartare* moue,
Will proue my caſe the leſſe vnfortunate,
Altho my friends may rue my chaunce for ay,
It vvill be ſaid, he dy'de for *Cœlia*.

Sonnet XIX.

It ſhall be ſayd I dy'de for *Cœlia*;
Then quicke thou grieſlie man of *Erebus*,
Tranſport me hence vnto *Proſerpina*,
To be adiudg'd as vvilfull amor'us:
To be hong vp vvithin the liquid aire,
For all the ſighs vvhich I in vaine haue vvaſted,
To be through *Lethes* vvaters clenſed faire,
For thoſe darke clouds vvhich haue my lookes or'eca-
To be condemd to euerlaſting fire, (ſted,
Becauſe at *Cupids* fire I vvilfull brent me,
And to be clad for deadly dumps in mire:
Among ſo manie plagues vvhich ſhall torment me,
One ſolace I ſhall find vvhen I am ouer,
It vvill be knovvne I dy'de a conſtant louer.

Sonnet. XX.

Receaue theſe vvrits, my ſvveet and deereſt frend,
The liuelie patterns of my liueleſſe bodie,
VVhere thou ſhalt find in Hebon pictures pend,
Hovv I vvas meeke, but thou extreamlie blodie.
I'le vvalke forlorne along the vvillovv ſhades,
Alone complaining of a ruthleſſe dame;
VVhere ere I paſſe, the rocks, the hilles, the glades,
In pittious yelles ſhall ſound her cruell name.
There I vvill vvaile the lot vvhich fortune ſent me,
And make my mones vnto the ſauage eares,
The remnant of the daies vvhich nature lent me,
Ile ſpend them all, conceald, in ceaſeleſſe teares.
Since vnkind fates permit me not t'enioy her,
No more, burſt eyes, I meane for to annoy her.

FINIS.

To *Parthenophil* vpon his *Laya* and *Parthenophe*.

MADRIGALL.

When firſt I heard thy loues to Laya,
I wiſht the gods to turne it to good hap,
Yet ſince I heare thy bleſſed flight away,
I ioy thy chaunce for feare of afterclap.
Vnwily man, why could'ſt not keepe thee there,
But muſt with Parthenoph' *thee 'gaine entrap?*
I litle rue thy well deſerued teares,
The beaſt once ſcap't will euer ſhun the trap.
What tel'ſt thou me by ſpels th' haſt wonne thy deare?
Beleeue her, friend, no more then Laya *paſt,*
Charm'd loue endures but whilſt the charme doth laſt.